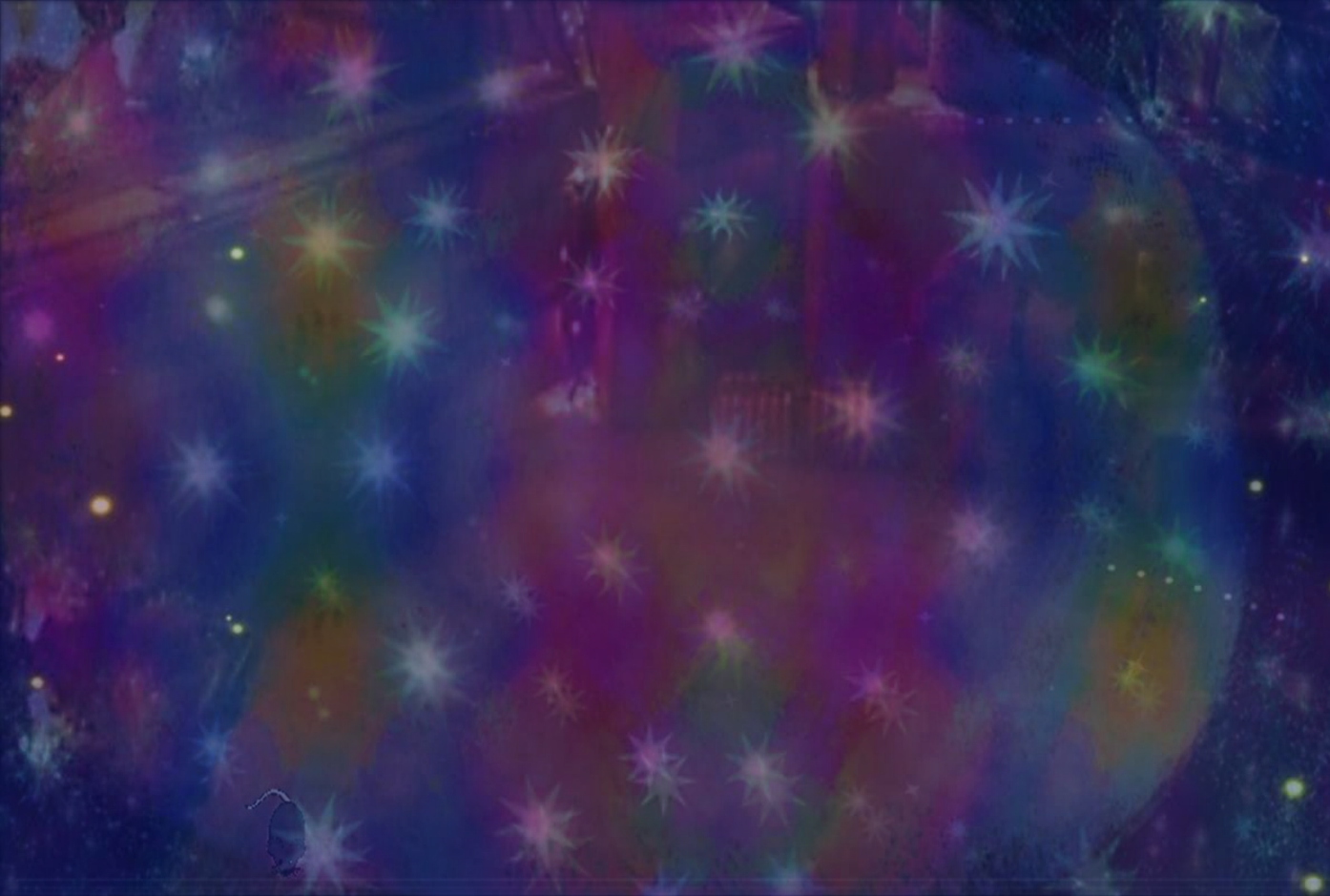
The Night Before
Christmas

Twas the night
before Christmas...

When all
through the
house,

Not a creature
was stirring.

Not even a
Mouse!



The stockings
were hung
by the chimney
with care,

In hopes that
St. Nicholas soon
would be there.

The children were
nestled all snug
in their beds,

While visions of
sugar plums
danced
in their heads.

And mamma
in her 'kerchief,
and I in my cap,

Had just settled
down
for a long winter's
nap.

When out on the
lawn
there arose such a
clatter,

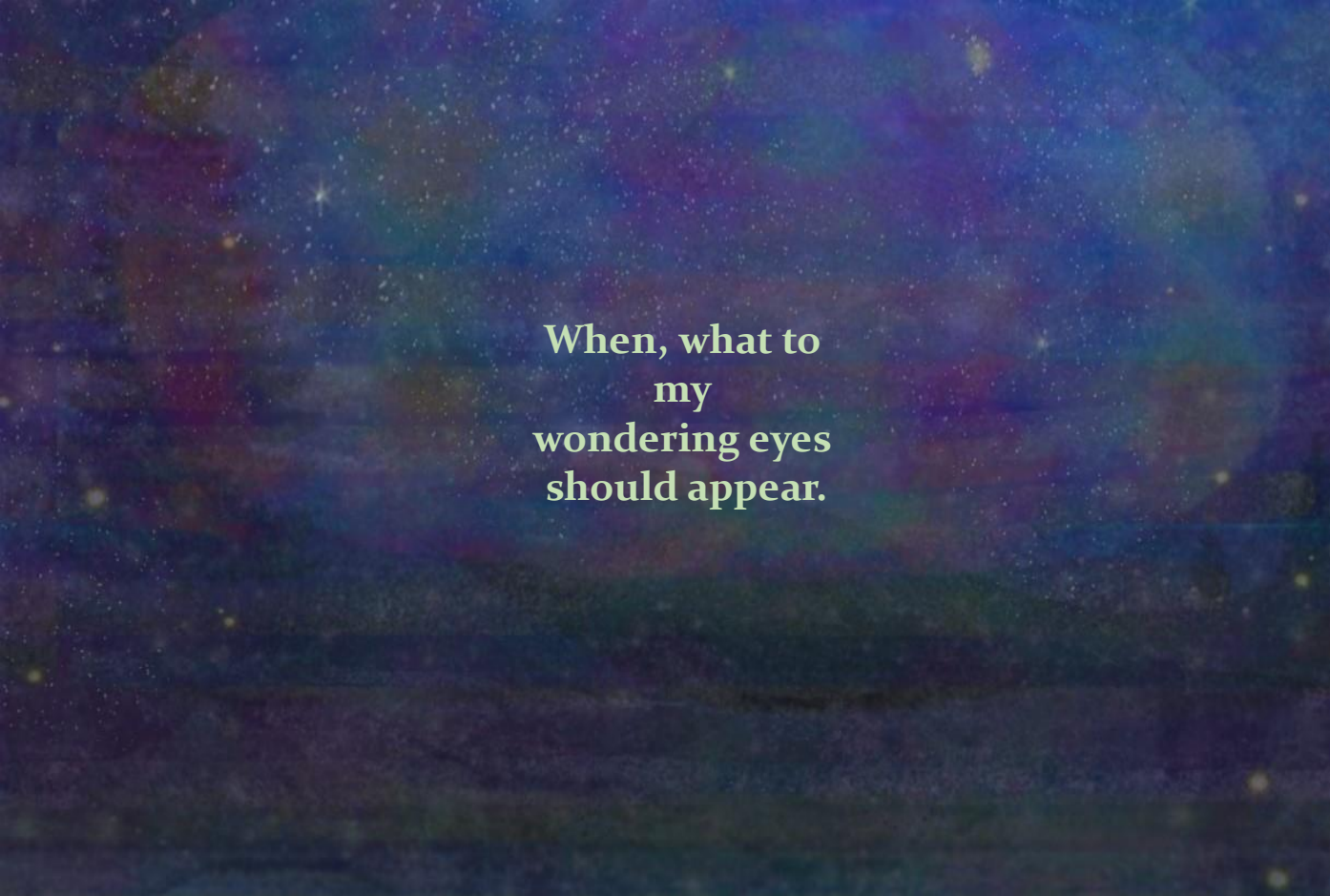
I sprang from the bed
to see what was the
matter.

Away to the window
I flew like a flash,

Tore open the
shutters and
threw up the
sash

The moon on the
breast of the
new-fallen snow

Gave the lustre
of midday to
objects below.


When, what to
my
wondering eyes
should appear.

But a miniature sleigh,
and eight tiny
reindeer,

With a little old
driver,
so lively and quick.

I knew in a
moment
it must be St.
Nick.

More rapid than
Eagles
his coursers they
came,

And he
whistled,
and shouted,
and called them
by name.

Now, DASHER!
Now, DANCER!

Now, PRANCER and
VIXEN!

On, COMET!
On, CUPID!

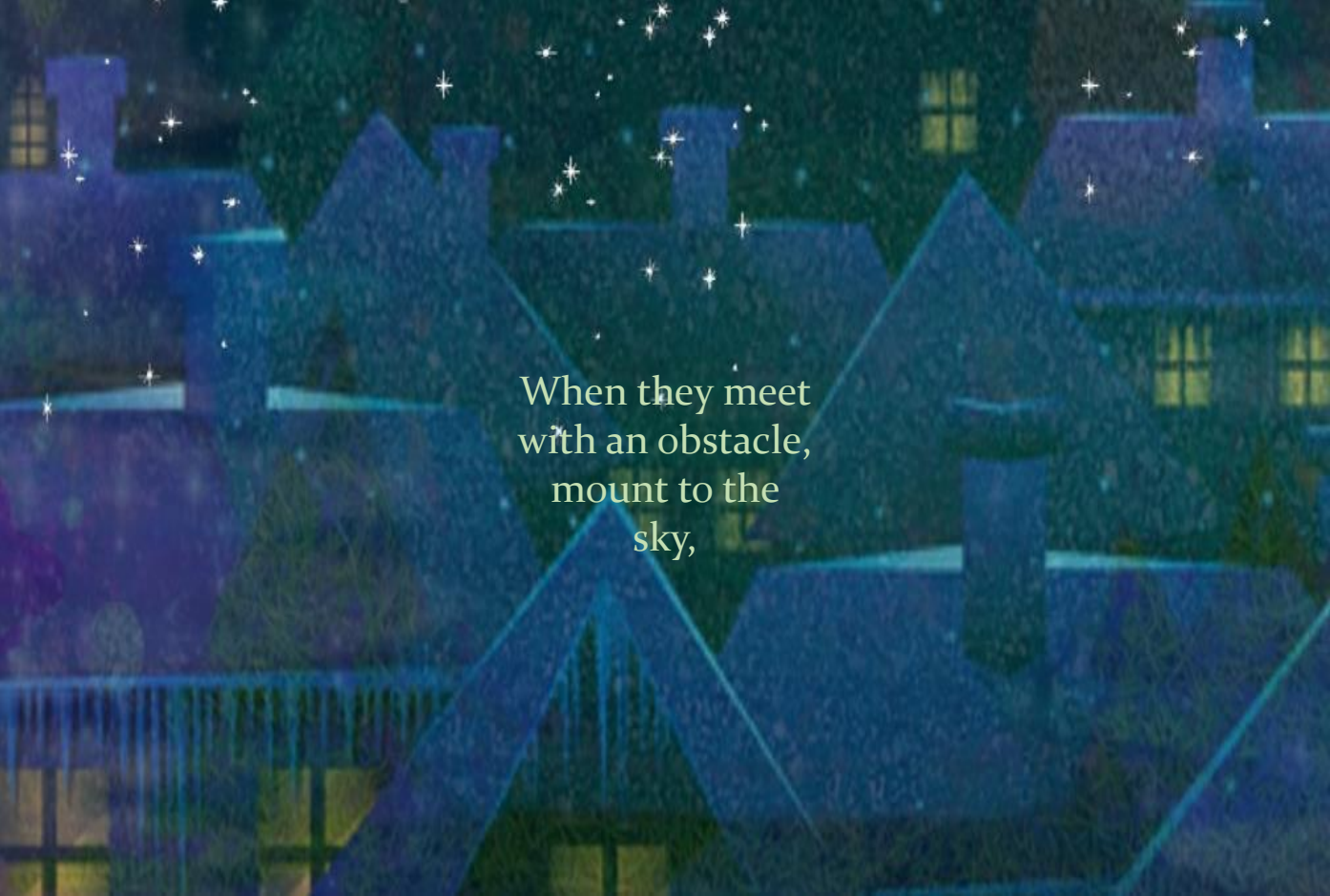
On, DONNA and
BLITZEN!

To the
top of
the
porch.

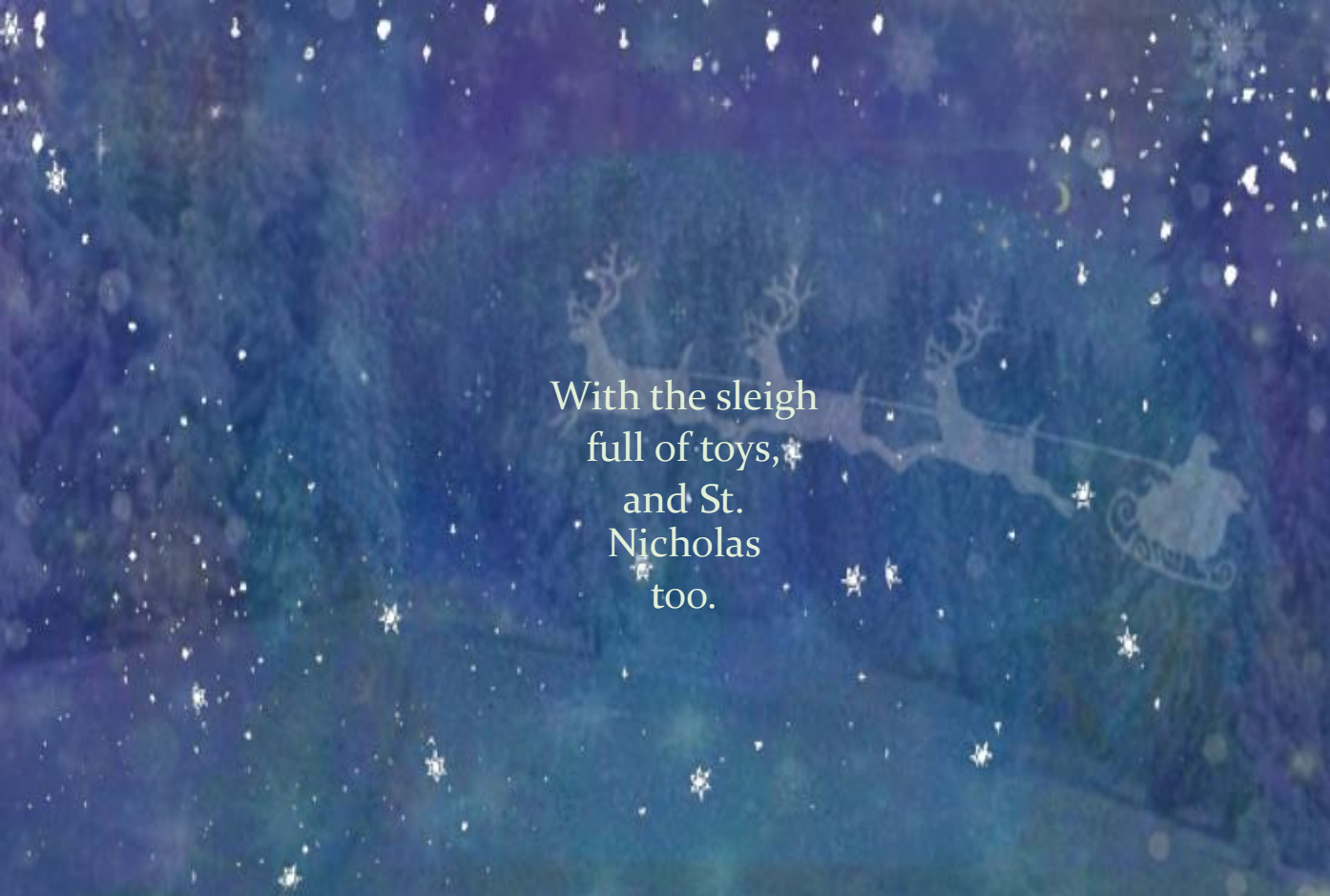
To the top of
the wall!

Now DASH AWAY!
DASH AWAY!
DASH AWAY ALL!

As dry
leaves that
before the
wild
hurricane
fly,


When they meet
with an obstacle,
mount to the
sky,

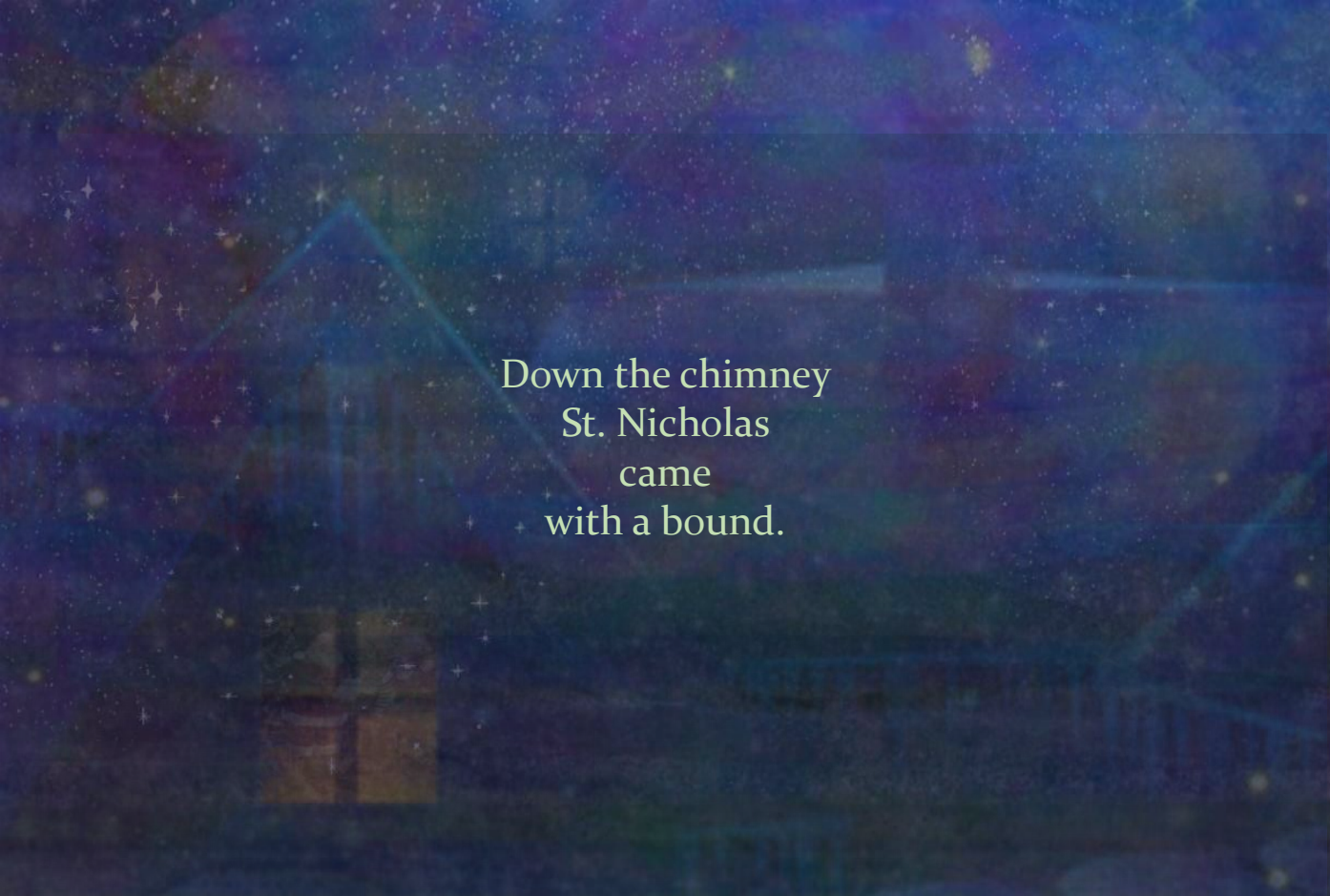
So up to the
House top the
coursers they flew,

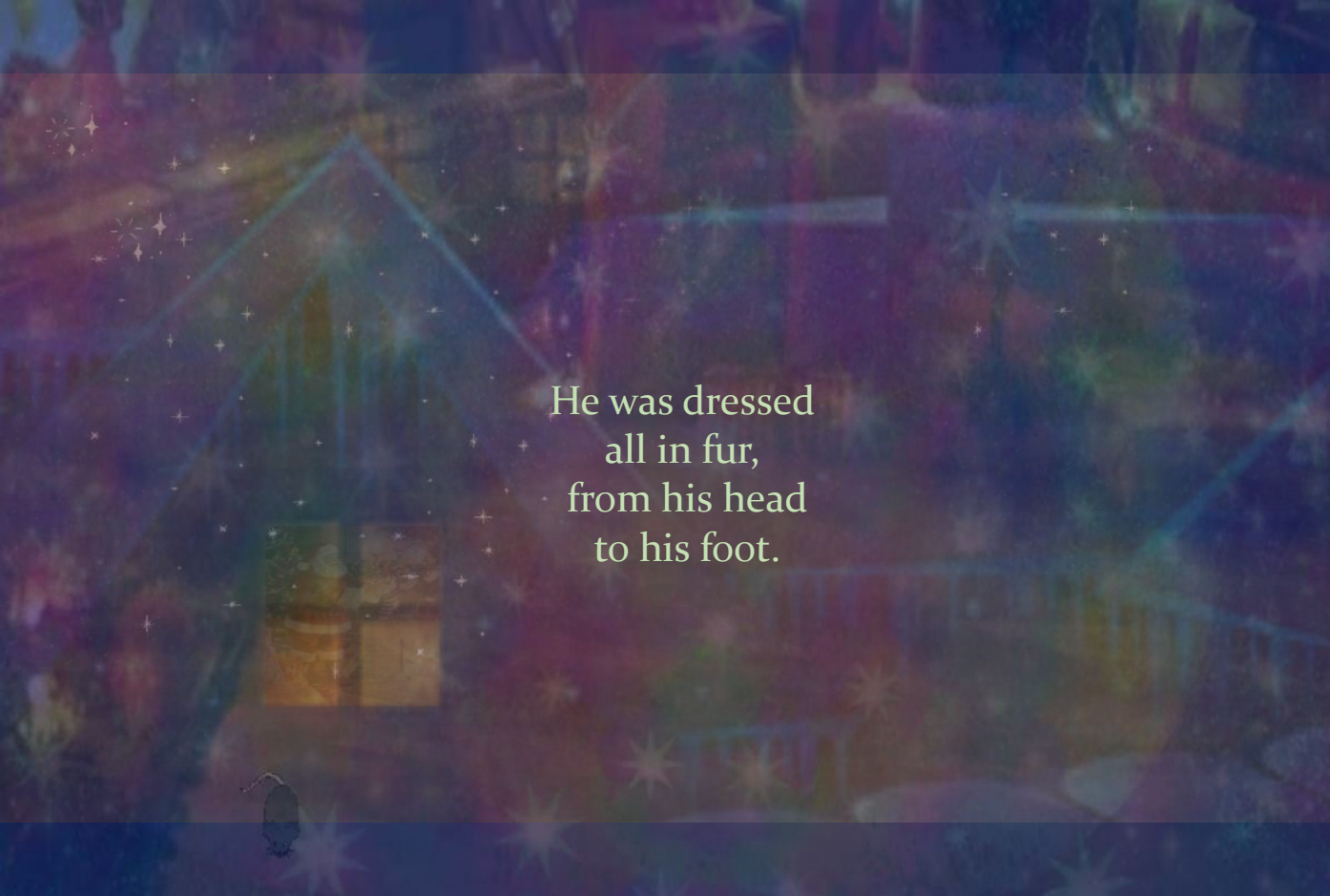

With the sleigh
full of toys,
and St.
Nicholas
too.

And then,
in a twinkling,
I heard
on the roof,

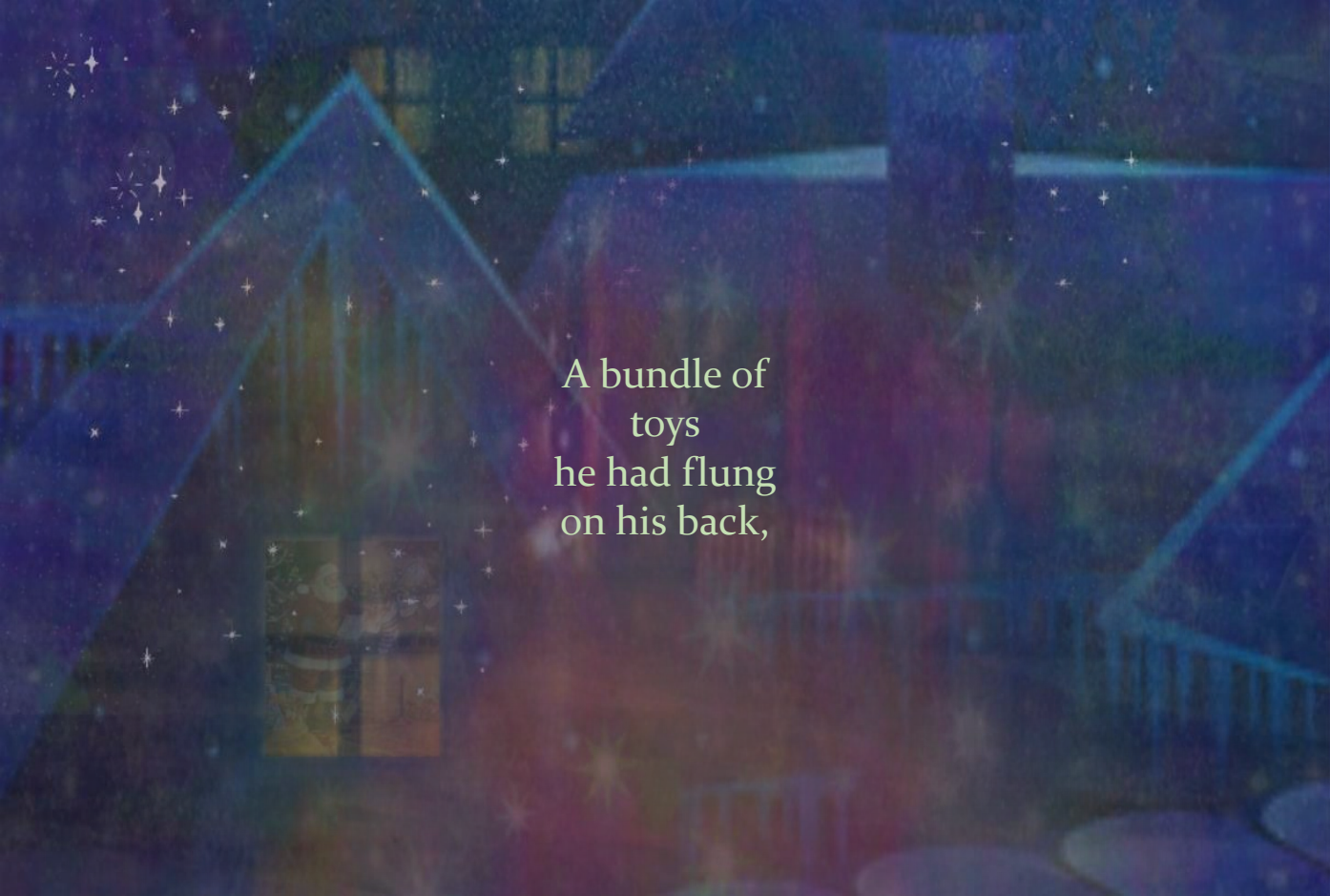
The prancing and
pawing of
each little hoof.

As I drew in my
hand,
and was turning
around,


Down the chimney
St. Nicholas
came
with a bound.


He was dressed
all in fur,
from his head
to his foot.

And his clothes
were
all tarnished
with
ashes and soot.


A bundle of
toys
he had flung
on his back,

And he looked like
a peddler just
opening his
pack.

His eyes,
how they
twinkled!
His dimples
how merry!

His cheeks
were
like roses,
his nose
like a cherry!

His droll little
mouth
was drawn up like
a bow,

And the beard
of his chin
was as white
as the snow.

The stump
of a pipe
he held
tight
in his
teeth.

And the smoke,
it encircled
his head
like a wreath.

He had a broad face
and a
little round belly,

That shook,
when he laughed
like a bowl
full of jelly.

He was chubby
and plump,
a right jolly old
elf

And I laughed
when I saw him,
despite myself,

A wink of his eye.

A Twist of his
head.

Soon gave me
to know
I had nothing
to dread.

He spoke not a
word,
but went
straight
to his work.

And filled all the
stockings,
then turned with a jerk,

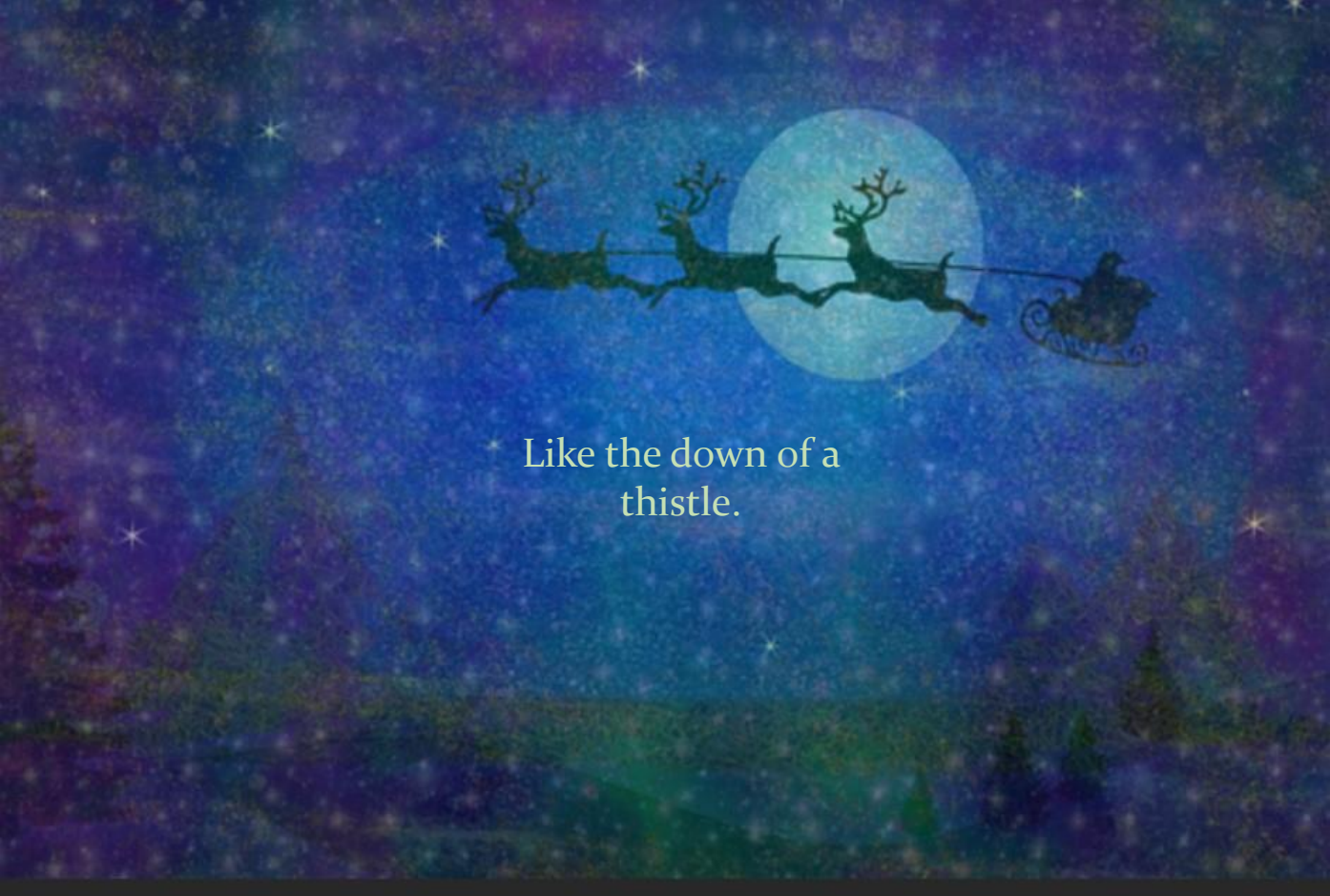
And laying his
finger
aside of his nose,

And giving a
nod,
up the chimney
he rose.

He sprang to his
sleigh.

To his team
gave a whistle.

And away they all
flew.


Like the down of a
thistle.

But I heard him
exclaim

Ere he drove out
of sight.....

Happy Christmas to
ALL...

And to ALL
a GOODNIGHT

Sweet Dreams
and
Sleep Tight…

Illustrated by Homa Dehshiri